

GAGAKU

a little sweat trickling
down over
right ribs

at work
writing poems
and if not poems
writing writings

they are flouncing their skirts
one demon I know who hasn't been
around in months
is flouncing her skirts

write about friends and
throw what I write away

write about demons
and send these poems
or writings
to editors

wince at my own imagination
it is like a black stage
long rose colored satin or silk
pleated curtains hang down on either
side

an auditorium
where the seats are empty
and then filled with
rambunctious demons
applauding waving arms and claws up
and about

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tonight if I'm
fortunate
I'll burn a thousand
or so
poems of mine that
don't work for
my eye

it's xmas eve 81